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Literature

Rowland G. Hazard's Complete Works*

THOSE STUDENTS of American literature and thought who are willing to dig beneath the surface, and to search for something a little weightier than the novel or the newspaper, have for many years been aware of the seriousness and the value of the contributions made to philosophy and economics by a busy and successful Rhode Island manufacturer. Rowland Gibson Hazard, who died last year at the age of eighty-six, was the descendant of an honorable line of Rhode Island Friends, and inherited from his father both his business of woollen manufacture and the capacity for success in it. Without a collegiate education, he studied well in youth, and though never a quick or voluminous reader, thought much and investigated thoroughly whenever a theme seemed to him worth taking up at all. His home was at Peace Dale, Rhode Island (named by his father from his wife's surname), and there or thence he studied, wrote, and journeyed for sixty years. Questions of philosophy, philanthropy, theology, finance, agriculture, or political economy interested him almost equally; and he who strongly asserted the freedom of the will, as a matter of speculation, was also most zealous practically to secure the rights of the oppressed slaves of the South, of woman everywhere, of labor, and of popular institutions in the Republic.

Dr. Hazard's collected writings are now finally put forth in four handsome and uniform volumes, neatly printed from stereotype plates both old and new, equipped with a biographical sketch and study of the author's philosophical writings, and having a striking portrait for the frontispiece. The editorial work of the set has been done by Caroline Hazard, the author's granddaughter, already known as the biographer of the late Prof. J. L. Diman of Brown University. Of the four volumes, distinctly the most important, and already the best known, is 'Freedom of Mind in Willing; or, Every Being that Wills a Creative First Cause.' This patient, dispassionate, and convincing review and refutation of Edwards was first published in 1864, and is reissued from the old plates. Jonathan Edwards was a man strong in himself, and one who stands out in significant isolation against the background of eighteenth-century theology and so-called 'philosophy' in this country. Nowadays he has few readers, and therefore the myth of his irresistible though portentous logic is readily accepted, at second-hand, by those who have never familiarized themselves with a page of his masterpiece. Dr. Hazard, with equal conscientiousness and thoroughness, follows Edwards's arguments step by step, and overthrows fatalism, whether 'orthodox' or materialistic, by the strength of a comprehensive mind and a forcible pen. Of all the refutations of Edwards on the Will this, on the whole, is worthiest to endure, and may confidently be prescribed as an antidote to pessimistic necessitarianism anywhere. Its clear style hardly needs Prof.

* Vol. I. Essay on Language, and Other Essays and Addresses. Vol. II. Freedom of Mind in Willing; or, Every Being that Wills a Creative First Cause. Vol. III. Causation and Freedom in Willing, together with Man a Creative First Cause, and Kindred Papers. Vol. IV. Economics and Politics: A series of papers upon public questions, written on various occasions from 1840 to 1885. By Rowland Gibson Hazard, LL.D. \$2. per vol. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Fisher's exposition, but the latter, a model in its way, will be found a very convenient summary of, and introduction to, the detailed arguments of Dr. Hazard. In this volume, as in the one which in some ways supplements and extends its general discussion—'Causation and Freedom in Willing; together with Man a First Cause, and Kindred Papers,'—one notes anew the superiority of clear thinking and straightforward writing over mere technical philosophizing. After all, a strong and broad mind, following out its own processes to their legitimate conclusions, is independent of the books of past writers. The study of philosophy (with the exception of the enormously important investigation of the physiology of mind, which promises such great results in the immediate future) is, for the most part, the mere mastery of terminology, and the ascertaining of what has been thought, or imagined in times past by men lacking the material increasingly available in our own wiser and better days.

The various essays on language, mental culture, the true inspiration of the Bible, common-school education, governmental finance, slavery, economics, the Republican party, etc., composing the remaining volumes of the set ('Essay on Language, and Other Essays and Addresses,' and 'Economics and Politics') are of more or less force, historic interest, or timeliness; but, with the exception of their temperate pleas for a reduction of the tariff, especially on wool, their present value is considerably less than that of the two philosophical books, and their collection is a matter of convenience rather than importance.

Prof. Hutson's History of French Literature*

PERHAPS the best history of French literature ever written is contained in the famous 'Lundis' of Ste. Beuve—that wonderful and delightful series of essays on nearly every age of French intellectual life, but more particularly on the rich period between the three great Cardinals and the second Empire. In these twenty or thirty volumes of beautiful French there is riches indeed—riches of style, of fact, of fancy, of analysis, of philosophical discussion, of everything that can charm and instruct. Ste. Beuve vitalizes the dull-est poet, the dreariest romancer, the most unlovely historian, and it is far more engaging to read him than to read the writings of the often dreary *femmes savantes* and the *précieux* who ought to be *ridicules* to whom he gives a new lease of immortality. Barring Ste. Beuve and his great storehouse of grace and wisdom, which as a whole still remains as sealed as the treasure-house of Psammeticus to those who do not read French, the next best thing is to take up a good history of the literature, read it carefully, and accompany it with a study of selected representative writers in translation. Of these by far the best is Saintsbury's, which has as yet no rival in English despite its denunciation by certain vicious-tempered French critics. Saintsbury, however, holds on to a subject with a wearying bulldoglike tenacity that exhausts the reader without exhausting the subject, and one lays him down with a sense of relief, overwhelmed by the minutiae of the record into which he enters with pitiless perseverance. To one overcome with literary *coma* of this description, a lapse into Dr. Wilkinson's 'Twenty Great French Writers' is very welcome: an excellent little book that pursues the right line (without being *too* rectilinear) for the general reader, and selects a score of great Frenchmen to write about and impress upon the memory of those hungering and thirsting after knowledge of this sort.

Midway between these stands the present volume, which runs a sinuous line between an over-eloquacious Scylla and an over-taciturn Charybdis. Prof. Hutson is quite successful, on the whole, in outlining in large figures the general literary phenomena of *la belle France*. He is at once free from the excessive repletion (so to speak) of the Englishman and the eclectic selectness of the Chautauquan, giving all that a college course demands to enlighten the unillumi-

* A History of French Literature. By C. W. Hutson. New York: John B. Alden.

nated freshman while dwelling emphatically enough on the great luminaries to be remembered. His plan is a good one, too: presenting first a general sketch of the whole literature from the beginning to 1789, and from 1789 to 1889; and then going back and discussing in detail all the milestones and *miliaria* which he passed by in his first rapid journey. Thus the student gets a bird's-eye encyclopædic glimpse of the whole field; and then he goes back with surveyor's line and theodolite to mark off carefully the whole distance traversed. In this way quite an amount of useful work is done; the large visions of the subject are impressed, the minor and no less interesting groups of intellectual scenery are etched on the chart. Naturally the etching—or the canvas—is very crowded. The thoroughfares of France abound with genius of every sort. Consequently the living throngs as they move on must be grouped in some shape: here, in twenty-two groupings or tableaux rich in memorable names of *trouvère* and *troubadour*, of chronicler and poet, of philosopher and scientist. Certain great kings and periods are singled out, and about and toward them gravitate stars of sundry magnitudes; thus Louis XIV. and XV., the Renaissance, the Revolution, and the colonies.

The narrative has the flow of a lecture, and runs on in a fluent and graceful style, not free from errors of accent and spelling, of attribution and fact—perhaps inevitable where proper names and improper printers abound, but all easily corrected in a second edition. Thus (p. 9), the translation of the 'Roman de la Rose' is attributed without qualification to Chaucer; Bourdaloue is spelt Bourdaloue (p. 14); *memoires* (p. 18); *Théâtre Française* (p. 23); *Quatre-vingt-treize* (p. 25); *Madam de Ségur* (p. 29); *Le Bataille d'Aleschans* (p. 39); *Aucassin et Nicolette* (p. 42); 'Médecin malgré lui' (p. 45); *Guillaume de Lorris* (twice, p. 47). Turning to the back of the book we find (p. 236) *Triate Théorique*; *Droit française* (p. 278); *Jeanne d'Arc* (p. 283) and *Jeanne Darc* (p. 53); 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier' is attributed to different persons on pp. 296 and 299; *Les Buveurs d'Oau* (p. 299); the translations of Mistral's poems from the Provençal into English are ascribed to Mrs. Margaret J. Preston instead of to Miss Harriet W. Preston; and so on. A praiseworthy feature of the book is a chapter on Louisiana French writers, to which may be added a chronological table of the kings and dynasties of France.

Lucy and William Smith*

THE AUTHOR of 'Thorndale' and 'Gravenhurst' has been nearly forgotten by the readers of popular books. Those volumes never were popular and never could have been; but many thoughtful people read them with delight and great spiritual satisfaction. They are not novels in the usual sense, though something of a story is to be found in them; but each was a series of conversations on the loftiest of intellectual and spiritual themes. The author was something of a mystic, yet he was also a radical in religion, of a brooding cast of mind, and little capable of meeting and combating the harder phases of life. He was diffident, retiring in disposition, not a man to shine in society, not successful as an author, barely able to meet the necessities of life by means of his magazine articles and books, and yet always contented with his life of thought and spiritual aspiration. He was so fortunate, when he had reached middle life, as to meet with a woman who was in every way a fit companion for him, who fully sympathized with his intellectual life, who shared all his thoughts, and who was bound to him by the closest affinity of purpose and affection. This woman became his wife, shared in his poverty, his literary labors and his spiritual contemplations, and wrote after his death a loving account of their married life, for their friends only.

The present volume tells the story of William Smith's life, and with it that of his wife Lucy. This story is in itself a

romance of great interest. It rarely happens that husband and wife lead a happier married life, or that they are more completely fitted to each other in every way, than in the case of these two. It was only after each had reached an age when marriage usually is no longer thought of that they came to know each other, and they had to overcome serious obstacles of poverty and dependent relatives before they could be united to each other. It was love's young dream that bound them to each other, however, age in no degree lessening the sentiment or the romance of their union. Out of this rare affection grew the present book, or the materials for it. The wedded life lasted but eleven years, and then William Smith was called away. His widow wrote the story of their marriage, and this forms the basis of the present volume. Around this narrative have been clustered the letters of the two, and other biographical materials. The whole forms a volume of much interest, for it makes us intimately acquainted with two of the purest and most lovable characters portrayed in literary biography. The present editor speaks of the extraordinary openness and transparency of the character of Lucy Smith; and every reader of the book will be impressed with the grace and loftiness of her womanhood. It is not often we meet with a character so lovable and above reproach of any kind. In William Smith we do not find the same superior quality, but he was a man who gained and was worthy of the absorbed affection of his wife.

Mr. Merriam has performed his task faithfully and well. He has carefully withdrawn himself into the background, modestly claiming that the best part of the book is the work of Lucy Smith; but everywhere we find evidences of his fine literary taste and his skill as an intellectual workman. He shows how lovingly he has been drawn to these two with whom he had no personal acquaintance, but the story of whose life and love has won his admiration and the fine tribute of this book.

Hawaiian Folk-Lore*

HERE is a handsome and portly illustrated volume of over five hundred pages, from the pen of the King of the little Pacific archipelago. None of the readers of THE CRITIC, we trust, are so old fashioned and behind the times as to call the tiny kingdom after the economical old Tory lord who gave his name to a cold and stratified substitute for a lunch. We all say 'Hawaii' now, with all correctness, yet never before have we had such an opportunity to look upon the Hawaiian mind. Mark Twain and Miss Bird and many a missionary have given us the outside story, but now Hawaii speaks for itself. We have a score of the most characteristic legends embodying the mythology of the people who have lived on the volcanic soil and amid the perennial verdure of these mid-Pacific islands. In coloring and background they seem quite unlike anything told or heard in other lands; but the human heart being everywhere the same, they have many minor points of similarity with mythologies grown elsewhere. There was a 'Helen of Hawaii' as well as of Troy; and the adventures, prophecies, and marvellous performances of the heroes and heroines remind us of those we have learned to know in Teutonic and Turanian lands. As usual, the stupid big giants have a hard time of it when some nimble Jack or witty princess gets after them. 'Kelea, the Surf-rider of Maui' and the 'Cannibals of Halemanu' are very peculiar and characteristic tales. Even more valuable to the student of comparative mythology would these legends have been had they been more literally translated, and the phraseology less markedly set in American English. To the general reader, however, the value and attractiveness of the collection have been greatly increased by the editing and introduction of the Hon. R. M. Daggett, late United States Minister to the Hawaiian Islands. In his very interesting chapter of nearly

* The Story of William and Lucy Smith. Edited by George S. Merriam. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Legends and Myths of Hawaii. By His Hawaiian Majesty, Kalakaua. \$3 New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

sixty pages, he condenses pretty much all that is worth knowing about the people and country. He outlines the history of the natives and the race of which they are part, and describes their religion, government, arts, the aspect of nature and the physical characteristics of land and inhabitants, so as to leave little to be said. He thinks that the fragment of the islanders now remaining will soon pass away, and that then the little country will pass into the political, as they are now firmly within the commercial system of the great American Republic. This handsome volume is well equipped for service, being illustrated from photographs of scenery, weapons, edifices, and odd and curious relics. Portraits of the King, Queen and Princesses are printed from steel plates. In an appendix is given a glossary of the native words used, all of which are written with the five vowels and seven consonants of this primitive alphabet.

Lafayette*

THERE ARE MANY biographies of that friend of America whose name is reflected in the geography of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the names of streets, towns, counties and cities. In French and English, one may learn about the brave and generous youth who made Americans grateful, and the mature and aged statesman who compelled all classes of Frenchmen to respect him. Such a character as that of Lafayette is perennially worthy of fresh study, and when his biography is re-written by one affluent in scholarship, judicial in opinions, and skilful in the literary art, a meritorious work is sure to be the result. Such a work we find that of Mr. Bayard Tuckerman to be. While admiring his subject he is not prejudiced, but exposes the infirmities and limitations, as well as sets forth the genius and merits of his subject. Having sought out original authorities and digested well his information, he tells with clear arrangement, correct diction and pleasing style the story of the Marquis's life.

The greater part of the first volume deals with his American experiences. The son of a soldier and trained to the profession of arms, Lafayette was early intrusted with a command by General Washington, and his skill in retreat was found equal to his bravery in battle. Our own great leader quickly discovered that the elements most necessary in a soldier who fought on the physically weaker side were finely blended in the young Frenchman. At Barren Hill Lafayette made his reputation by showing his heels to the British, as well as his face at Brandywine or Yorktown. It is said that his father was killed at Minden in the Seven Years' War, by a cannon shot from the battery commanded by the same British General Philips who surrendered with Cornwallis in Virginia. The military part which Gilbert de Motier played on both sides of the Atlantic was the main one in his career, and his latest and best biography is properly styled, the 'Life of General Lafayette.' Yet the important constructive work of statesmanship in France especially is not slurred. The whole of the second volume is devoted to the arduous labors of Lafayette during and after the French Revolution. We follow him to leadership and glory, to prison and dishonor, and to the alternate retirement of private life and emergence into political activity. The pictures of life in France, as painted by Mr. Tuckerman, form a brilliant addition to our knowledge of French history. Then comes one long swath of sunlight in the visit, in 1824, of Lafayette to America, and the homage of a grateful people. Most appropriately was the new American frigate which carried him named the Brandywine.

Grave, judicial and trustworthy, Mr. Tuckerman's book will take rank among biographies of the first class. In external dress, nearly all that goes to the making of a good book is at the reader's disposal. The two volumes are pleasant to hold, are well printed and bound, the table of

contents and index are good, and there are three portraits, and a colored plate in blue ink showing Lafayette landing at Castle Garden, New York.

Heinrich Heine*

WE HAVE CATHEDRALS and pro-cathedrals; chapels that grow into churches; the 'Morte D'Arthur' that develops and expands into the 'Idylls of the King': why should we not have biographies and pro-biographies? The French have long had their *mémoires pour servir*: material waiting to be touched and transformed by the Midas-finger of the historian,—the brambles of Dorn-Röschen that have not yet blossomed into white roses. Why should we not approach the altar of a great spirit by dainty steps as well as by colossal colonnades?

This small biography is the pleasantest stairway to that curious and coruscating flame called Heine of which we have knowledge,—hewn in the living rock of his memoirs, vivid in its very brevity, full in its very attenuation, sympathetic in all its nerve-centres, and as resonant of the 'German nightingale' as the Rhine woods in May are with the tongue of Philomel. It is a chapel-in-the-woods set apart by its writer in honor of the greatest lyrist of the Fatherland, till the time shall come when the ultimate biography shall be written, and Strodtmann, Stigand, Meissner, and the rest shall be but quarries from which the true Carrara is to be drawn. Yet, slight as this biography is, it is marvellous how much there is in it; one human life with all its varied and exquisite melody, all its discord and revolt, all its caustic and its honey, completely bared, syphoned off into chapters of 'chistall glass,' as Old Spenser said, told in beads like a rosary, counted off, accounted for, tied up, and sealed; and that life Heine's! The red blood of the man in there, for Mr. Sharp tells much of the tale in Heine's own words: the smile, the epigram, the perpetual caprice, the irony; and this is what makes his biography more lifelike than any that has yet been written, just as a Tanagra *figurine*, slight though it be, outlives in liveliness many a fullgrown statue of adamant: it is fashioned and stained from nature. Of new facts in this book we note none, but as with Prof. Colvin's 'Shelley' the life-memoranda are so artistically brought together that the result is a new work of art, and all the facts seem new in their new adjacencies and juxtapositions. The life of Heine will seem eternally new because he himself was so new and so eternal: a more living personality has never crossed the stage of history; and what a melodious voice he lifted up as he passed! 'The Grenadiers' was written when he was sixteen; the 'Reisebilder' when he was hardly out of his teens. The records of literary performance do not contain precocity superior in its kind to this.

Heine from the start was one of those 'starlike forms' of which Swinburne sings: he could not but become a classic like Keats almost before he became a man; and having mounted so high in his youth, his after intellectual travels were always in the direction of his youth: trying to re-ascend the mountains so easily ascended then by the mere upward buoyance of aspiration. Mr. Sharp does not trouble himself much about the disputed date of Heine's birth. He puts it boldly on Dec. 13th, 1799; others put it, perhaps more accurately, in 1797. Perhaps, too, in his fondness for his theme he apologises rather too much for Heine's weaknesses, his base pseudo-conversion to Christianity, his cruel tongue, his rhetorical exaggerations, his mendacious idealizations of his numerous *Geliebten*. It is difficult indeed to treat seriously such a half-goblin, half-fairy as Heine was: he stung as naturally as a wasp; his little autobiographical buzzings and egoisms are as spontaneous as a mosquito's; he could no more help making faces than a monkey; and as for the moralities and proprieties, he went through them on all fours as freely as any quadruped, without dreaming of outrage or indecency. Mr. Sharp quotes copiously from the many

*Life of General Lafayette. By Bayard Tuckerman. 2 vols. \$3. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*Heine. By William Sharp. 40 cts. (Great Writers.) New York: Thos. Whitaker.

translations of the ballads and occasionally translates himself,—not over-accurately, withal. In the tolerably complete bibliography appended, compiled by Mr. J. P. Anderson of the British Museum, the twenty-two volume edition of his works published in 1876 is omitted. The reviewer might, if aggressively inclined, plunge into the *mêlée* of the controversy as to whether the mother of the poet was 'Betty' or 'Elizabeth' Heine; whether his own name was 'Harry' or 'Heinrich'; whether he was 'christened,' 'baptised' or merely 'named' the one or the other; and such other points of the 'higher' criti—or rather, twit-i—cism; but why spoil a charming book with such fly-specks? The world is full of flies, and there is but one Heine. Mr. Sharp has been in our opinion highly successful in his pro-biography, which exactly fits in with the conception of the Great Writers Series,—brief, pregnant, helpful, accurate presentations of many of the world's greatest writers.

The Religious and Social Life of India*

TO WRITE a good fresh book on the people of that peninsula which shelters one-fifth of the human race, is no easy matter. An annual crop, more or less heavy, of books on India may be expected from the British tourist and politician, besides what the American threshers of the old straw of guide-books may be expected to cart home. A harvest of original investigation, of observation at first hand and eye, is an agreeable surprise. Yet we think we have such garnered within the covers of the book which bears the name of the Professor of Natural Science in the Government College at Lahore. The publishers have hardly done justice to the value of the contents, for the dedication is printed on the same leaf with the title-page, the table of 'matters'—as the French say—is of the meagerest, and there is no index. There is little discount to be laid upon the text of three hundred and ten pages, for Prof. Oman's eyes are trained. Evidently a watchful experimenter and observer of the wonderful behavior of the material elements and their combinations in nature, he seems no less fitted to note and ponder the phenomena of human life. Over half his book is given to Hindoo thought and religion as it exists in writing, in vision, in cultus, in custom and in practice. He has also studied the photographs of the mind of the Asiatic Indian, as they exist in art, literature, the drama, and his chapters are full of just those concrete instances which the compiler and tourist bookmaker miss. The steady river-flow of the thought of the last four or five thousand years, and the latest eddies and currents of each new '*samaj*' are treated with critical and sympathetic appreciation. We know of no more trustworthy handbook of Indian religion than this first half of the book. In Part II. we enter into the social world of the people, and here we wonder how the author has gotten so closely to the common folk. Popular superstitions, conjugal troubles and their causes, the systems of slavery, and the domestic arrangements of the natives are made plain to us. Prof. Oman has a keen appreciation of dry humor, and notes the amusing aspect of all he sees, pointing out with gusto the seamy side of the glorious Briton's reign in India, as well as the unquestioned excellences of that remarkable rule. While his literary style is not of the best, and would bear a little more lightening up, we consider this book one of the best on India.

Drummond's "Philo Judæus"†

AMONG theological students, Philo of Alexandria is known chiefly by his Logos-doctrine, and its bearings upon that of John, and even among philosophical students it may be questioned whether there is an acquaintance with him at all proportioned to his actual influence. Dr. Drummond is therefore doing a good service in devoting a thorough treatise to

his philosophy and shaping causes of the form it took. After giving a general view of Philo's spirit and mode of thought, in connection with Jewish-Alexandrian philosophy as a whole, he traces the lines of Greek thought prior to his time, and also the much less familiar, but not less important, Jewish thought in the last centuries before Christ. After this preliminary work, he devotes two books to an examination of Philo's own philosophy—a product of a remarkably active, ingenious and subtle mind, with an inheritance from Hebrew and from Greek sources combined, and with an endowment of genuine spiritual and ethical force.

Dr. Drummond's work is historical, not didactic; he analyzes, and does not criticize. Nor does he enter upon the very attractive and dangerous field of inquiry as to Philo's impress on early Christian thought. But he is all the more able, on this account, to deal fully with Philo himself, and he gives us the outcome of long and patient studies, for which all lovers of philosophy and students of human thinking in its slow progress through the ages must be grateful. It is interesting, besides, to see how Philo illustrated in himself high human qualities as well as metaphysical gifts. If it is not likely, as we believe it is not, that Philonic studies will ever supersede Platonic, or rival them, there is pleasure in observing in one thinker, as in the other, a rare moral elevation, and a keen spiritual delight in the contemplation of the highest truth.

Some Mathematical Text-Books*

EVERY indication of a tendency on the part of the English people to break away from their servile subjection to Euclid, in the matter of elementary geometry, is a hopeful sign of progress. On the other hand, the traps and pitfalls which lie about the first steps in pure reasoning which the human mind has to take, are indicated by the fact that a college professor cannot get through the elementary propositions of the first book without committing simple errors in logic. The moral may be taken to be either that the fear and trembling with which the English cling to Euclid is justifiable, or else that timid innovators would do well to look over American examples of the way in which these pitfalls can be safely passed over, before writing their text-books. The question of logic which these remarks have especial reference to is so interesting in itself and of so fundamental importance in geometry that it may be worth while to set it out at length.

The ordinary mind can only argue in terms of concrete examples, and hence we shall put this argument in a concrete form. Suppose there are a number of cups of tea in a certain room, and that a person has been told, before entering, that if any cup of tea is heavier than another, it is sweeter than that other, and that if there are two which are equally heavy, they are equally sweet. Let him now enter the room, and let us suppose that he is very anxious to know which cups are heavier than the others, but that he has no scales at hand. Can he, by tasting and finding out the relative sweetness of the cups of tea, determine their relative weight, or can he not? Certainly every person who is capable of understanding what has been said will be able to say at once that he can, and that he is safe in inferring that whatever cup is sweeter than another will be found to be heavier, and if any two are equally sweet they will be found to be equally heavy. But Euclid thought it necessary to set forth the full course of such an argument as this (an argument which he has occasion to use a great many times) in the following fashion: That cup which you have found to be sweeter than another will either be heavier than it, or less heavy, or equally heavy. But if it were equally heavy, from what has been said it would be equally sweet, and if it were less heavy it would be less sweet; but it is neither less sweet nor equally sweet (being sweeter), therefore it can neither be less heavy nor equally heavy, but must be heavier. Now it is not strange that any lively boy or girl, accustomed to correct and rapid thinking, should feel a profound disgust with a writer who thinks it necessary to set out the details of such a trivial argument as this half a dozen times in the course of twenty pages. It is perfectly proper to show once for all that it is a valid *form* of argument, and to illustrate it by concrete examples as much as may be necessary; but to suppose that it has to be *re-proved* every time it is made use of, is to stultify good reasoning powers. And it is

* Indian Life, Religious and Social. By Prof. J. Campbell Oman. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

† Philo Judæus; or, The Jewish-Alexandrian Philosophy in its Development and Completion. By James Drummond, Principal of Manchester New College, London. 2 vols. London: Williams & Norgate.

* 1. Elementary Synthetic Geometry of the Point, Line and Circle in the Plane. By N. F. Duguis. New York: Macmillan & Co. 2. Elements of the Integral Calculus. By W. F. Byerly. 3. Elements of Analytic Geometry. By A. S. Hardy. 4. Algebraic Analysis. By Wentworth, McLellan & Glashan. 5. Handbook of Arithmetic. By G. C. Shotts. Boston: Ginn & Co.

those pupils who are least docile (*i.e.*, who have the most independent minds) who will be most irritated by this insult to their understanding. The English Society for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching, after some seven years of cogitation, has decided to recommend calling the student's attention to the fact that this form of argument is always valid, and still setting out its steps every time it is used. Halsted's geometry is the only one, so far as we know, in which the general principle is regularly appealed to. Prof. Dupuis (1) feels the necessity of referring to a general principle, but, incredible as it may seem, he refers to a wrong general principle. He thinks it follows (p. 32 *et seq.*) from the single statement that those cups which are heavier are sweeter, that those which are sweeter are heavier. This does not follow, because it has not been denied in this that those which are *equally* heavy may be *unequally* sweet.

There is one more point in which the author has gone sadly astray. He is not aware that by the *locus* of a point which answers to a certain description, we must mean, in mathematics, a line which contains all such points *and no others*. One of the chief struggles of the teacher with the student is to get him to agree that the line which bisects an angle, for instance, is not shown to be the *locus* of points equally distant from its arms, until it has been shown both that every point in that line is equally distant from the arms, and that every point not in that line is not equally distant. For the instructor himself to suppose that one of these statements is sufficient (p. 38) is for him to fall into a very unfortunate error. But these are mistakes which have only to be pointed out to be corrected. In spite of them, this text-book of Prof. Dupuis is an admirable one. It happens that there is no necessary connection between the strictness of one's reasoning powers, and the taste and judgment with which one selects and puts together the matter for a book. For the rapid progress of the future mathematician, and for his speedy initiation into modern mathematical ways of thinking, we should not hesitate to recommend this book rather than any now in use, with the exception of Prof. Halsted's. But the fact that this contains no Solid Geometry, and the fact that Halsted's treatment of Solid Geometry is markedly unfortunate, will probably lead the practical teacher, who must teach both Plane and Solid Geometry in their natural order, to have recourse to Newcomb.

Prof. Byerly, in enlarging his 'Integral Calculus' (2), has produced a book quite unique in the English language, we believe, in its capacity for performing the peculiar service for which it seems to have been designed. As now enlarged, the book begins with two introductory chapters devoted to a clear presentation of the elements of the theory of symbols of operation and the theory of imaginaries; it then proceeds to discuss those subjects in the integral calculus and its applications which are usually considered in our college text-books; and then follow two chapters (comprising 84 pages) devoted to elliptic functions and the theory of functions. These latter chapters are not pitched in a totally different key from the rest of the book; the student is introduced to them naturally, and, as it were, without a jar. It is in the presentation of these advanced, but in their elements not intricate or formidable subjects, in a single book of moderate size and of a uniform expository character, which begins with the first elements of the integral calculus, that the special service to which we have alluded lies. Something of the same nature, too, is effected in the middle part of the book; for there are separate chapters on centres of gravity, on line, surface and space integrals, and on mean value and probability. All this, being gone into without too much detail and with admirable didactic method, introduces the student naturally, and without a special determination on his part, to at least a refreshing general survey of the rich domain over which the integral calculus has empire. It is to be hoped that many a student who would never have thought of taking a plunge into a special treatise on the theory of functions, will allow himself to be led just within the borders of that land of promise while he still feels the familiar pressure of the hand which has guided him on the more well-worn paths. A useful appendix introduced in the present edition is 'a short table of integrals' compiled by Prof. B. O. Peirce. To a college class which can give a few months more than the usual amount of time to the subject, Prof. Byerly's work will be found, as we have intimated, pre-eminently useful.

We are unable to say that Prof. Hardy's 'Analytic Geometry' (3) is, in our judgment, in any important particular an improvement on other books already in the field. There are, of course, minor points of exposition peculiar to the book, which might be mentioned as desirable; especially, perhaps, the introduction of a number of the less difficult points in the theory through the medium of examples instead of the comparatively repellent enunciation of an independent theorem. There is an attempt, too, at several points, to bring out what may, for want of a better term, be called the psychological side of the subject; but the wisdom of this, in our opinion, is more than doubtful. It is very well, no doubt, in the freedom of the

face-to-face talk in the classroom, to say that 'as δ may have any value, it may be determined so that (3) shall fulfil any reasonable condition'; the teacher may speak of 'reasonable' conditions in order to put more life into his talk than is found by the hard-and-fast vocabulary of mathematics; but the use of semi-metaphysical language in a mathematical text-book is to be deplored as tending to obscure in the student's mind the true nature of mathematical thought. In point of mathematical treatment, the departure from usual methods to which we most object is in the discussion of the general equation of the second degree; the usual process, while perhaps somewhat more difficult, is not only more rigorous, but is calculated to give a student a better idea of mathematical method than that adopted by Prof. Hardy. The chapter on higher plane loci is a good feature, and the brief treatment of solid Analytic Geometry will be found very useful by those who wish to possess so much of that subject as is of continual recurrence in mechanics. We may mention one slip: the theorem in example 18, p. 69, is not true.

The authors of 'Algebraic Analysis' (4) have attempted a task which has not, to our knowledge, been undertaken by any one else. In this first volume they have presented a rich and systematic collection of examples, solved and unsolved, illustrative of the best processes employed in the solution of algebraic problems, and the transformation and reduction of algebraic expressions. They begin with the first elements of the science, and after covering the various subjects usually comprised in a good course of algebra (including complex quantities and cubic and quartic equations), devote the last hundred of their four hundred handsome pages to the theory and applications of determinants. The second volume is to deal with the highest departments of algebra, and with a number of subjects not usually considered as falling under that title; but the first volume by itself (which is all that most teachers, not to speak of students, will be able to do justice to) is sufficient to show the wealth and resource that lie hidden from the eyes of so many of our mathematical teachers, who have both the knowledge and the ability to appreciate and make use of them, but who lack just such an introduction to them as this collection of examples presents. Though we have not had time to examine this large collection in detail, we do not hesitate to say that no teacher of mathematics can afford to do without this volume, and that any student who is devoting special attention to mathematics will find very great profit in its use. It is proper to mention that to Mr. Glashan the credit of doing 'the main part' of the work is assigned by the other two authors.

Mr. Shutts's 'Handbook' (5) is another of the urgent appeals that have recently been made to teachers of arithmetic to improve their methods in two distinct particulars,—to insist upon the child's being perfectly familiar with number relations as applied to concrete objects before he begins to deal with abstractions, and to make sure of arousing his interest by every device within his power. When one sees the energy, mental as well as physical, which children lavish upon their games, and the fatal languor which overtakes them when they are called upon to do their 'sums,' it is plain that somebody is responsible for a sinful waste of force. No teacher of Arithmetic can have an easy conscience if he has not read and pondered upon some such book as this.

Recent Fiction

IT WAS ONE result of the Renaissance and of the discoveries along both shores of the Atlantic to give rise to many dreams and projects of new states in countries free from the wars and troubles that plagued Europe. The voyage to the Fortunate Isles, which Ronsard invited his friend Muret to undertake with him was actually attempted by a little body of adventurers who, under the lead of an English knight, landed on the west coast of Africa, near the mouth of the Draa, and established a kingdom in the territory formerly ruled over by the King Kophetua of the ballad. The new dynasty revived the name and perpetuated the legend by conferring special privileges upon the beggar caste created to drain off all the bad humors from the body politic, preserved in this way from all discontent. Over this happy kingdom, toward the close of the last century, ruled 'Kophetua the Thirteenth,' whose double amour with the beggar girl Penelephon and Mlle. Hortense de Tricotrin, who introduced Revolutionary ideas and Directoire dresses to his old-fashioned subjects, is told by Julian Corbett in a romance as lightly spun as a cobweb. These principal characters are not the only ones that are well drawn and interesting: there is the Marquis, Mlle de Tricotrin's clever and unscrupulous father, with his affectation of Spartan austerity, and the Chancellor Turbo, with his disfigured face and his hot Spanish nature and his ancient flame, the Queen mother, whose German goodness and simplicity always lead her to do the wrong thing at the wrong time. Then, there are the beggar

Emperor and his court; hermits and strolling players; Captain Portinax of the guard; and we had almost looked for 'old John Nobbs of Greece.' The scenery is of a true land of Cockaigne, with sixteenth century palaces and castles in parks full of cork-trees, oleanders and wild olives. It will be seen that Mr. Corbett knows how to bring together wonders enough to please a wholesome taste for the marvellous without trenching on the supernatural or the preposterous, and, more difficult still, without ever descending to the commonplace. His philosophy, even, suits his characters and their country. His verities are presented in strange disguise, like a real landscape seen through a warped pane of glass. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

THE MILL of the successful novelist may grind any way but slowly, and Mr. Rider Haggard seems to be as well aware as any of the necessity of keeping the market well stocked. He barely allows us time to forget one of his African romances before he is out with another. In 'Cleopatra' he puts a new face on the old, old story of the battle of Actium, by inventing an Egyptian pretender to the throne of the Pharaohs, one Harmachis, whose plots bring about Anthony's and Cleopatra's ruin, and whose own prospects are destroyed by his love for the Greek girl Charmian. It is needless, to say anything about Mr. Haggard's peculiarities as a writer; but in his present book he has secured the aid of Mr. Andrew Lang, who must be the most obliging of mortals, to do into smooth verse some of his curious prose, and to translate from Meleager the dirge which he makes Charmian sing to Cleopatra before her death. The illustrations, too, by R. Caton Woodville and Mr. Griefenhagen are not only numerous but add an element of the picturesque in which the narrative is strangely deficient. (Paper, 25 cts. Half cloth, 75 cts. Harper & Bros.)

IF IT BE a novelty to make a novelist the hero of a novel, then there is so much that is new in Edna Lyall's 'Derrick Vaughan.' Derrick has a reprobate father who burns up his manuscript, and a self-seeking brother who appropriates his sweetheart; but he regains the one and re-writes the other, and attains to fame, happiness and a modest competence at the end. Of the two American editions in paper covers, that of D. Appleton & Co., at 25 cents, is the neatest and has gained by judicious pruning; that of Lovell & Co., at 30 cents, is the completest, and is followed by a story by Mary Linskill, of the name of which the printers have made two versions, 'The Ladies of Lone Leventhorp' and 'The Lone Ladies of Leventhorp.'—AN AUTHOR who lavishes pretty cottages and palatial mansions and declarations of love in his first half-dozen page, is, we suppose, certain to secure a hearing. In 'Bertha Laycourt,' Mr. Edgar C. Blum marries off his heroine with what some readers will be inclined to think almost indecent haste. But then her husband is rich, generous and handsome; they are promptly reduced to poverty and, after many struggles, relieved from it; and over this there may be more joy than over ninety and nine interesting couples who are represented as having never been poor, or who are poor from the beginning. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

IN 'WHEAT AND TARES,' by Graham Claytor, the Southern life of the present day, very like the rougher sort of Northern life, is depicted graphically enough. The hero's boyhood and antecedents are gone into at great length, affording an opportunity for humorous reminiscences of times before the War; but in the later adventures of John Hart in search of a situation the author has found a newer vein to work. The peculiar types of swindlers, adventurers and prospectors who are now 'doing' the South are well described; and the mysteries of tobacco warehouses, cheap boarding-houses and impecunious artists' studios are explained in a manner which leaves little if anything to be desired. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'OUR BOY AND GIRL,' learned, to begin with, in the science of pigs and chickens, later in ranching and nursing the sick, are not at all bad company for other boys and girls who may have far different trials to go through with, but who cannot fail to derive some benefit from the story of those experienced by Dick and Bess, as told by Ellen Patten of Atchison, Kansas. (\$1. John B. Alden.)

'AN ELIE RUBY' is one of the garnets found in the sand on the coast of the district of Elie or Allie in Fifehire, Scotland. Walter Lindsay and Nellie Davidson find one, and Walter has it set in the silver ring which he places on Nellie's finger as a token of their engagement. They are fisher people. Walter is reported drowned on the night when he should have been wedded; but it turns out that he was washed ashore on an island at some distance from the main land. No. 2 of the third series of 'Tales from Blackwood' contains, in addition, 'Alexander Nesbitt,' an ex-schoolmaster's story; 'A Vendetta,' 'King Bemba's Point,' 'Master Tommy's Experiment,' and 'A Matrimonial Fraud.' (40 cts. White &

Allen.)—'AMERICAN COIN' is supposed to go as a necessary condiment with the sort of American girl that is portrayed in the novel of that name, by the author of 'Aristocracy.' Both go, in this case, to an Englishman with a 'marble voice,' who wears white cuffs and clutches his walking-stick in the middle. We fear we spoil the interest of the story by saying that he first appears *incog.* as plain Mr. Brown, but is metamorphosed in the last chapter into the 'Earl of Atherly' or 'Sir Percy Vandeleur, Bart.' we are not sure which. (75 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

BOOKS OF short stories are still deservedly popular, and among the best of the more recent we must put George Parsons Lathrop's 'Two Sides of a Story,' though the initial tale is disappointing and is far from the best in the volume. 'Oley Grow's Daughter' and 'Raising Cain' are much better, and 'Mrs. Winterrowd's Musicales,' 'March and April' and 'Unfinished' are very readable. The last-mentioned is the tale of a young lady who, like her portrait, which first takes the hero's eye, lacks the finishing touches which Boston society demands. (50 cts. Cassell & Co.)—'PAYING THE PENALTY,' a cleverly managed tale of suspected murder, by Chas. Gibbon, opens another book of short stories neatly bound in red cloth, of which the remainder are by C. Manville Fenn, Clive Philipps Wolley, S. Baring-Gould, Helen Shipton and Katherine S. Macquoid. In a volume of equal size and similar binding are 'Three times Tried,' by B. L. Farjeon; 'A Terrible Inheritance,' by Grant Allen; 'By Telegraph,' by J. McLaren Cobban; 'For Dick's Sake,' by Mrs. J. H. Riddell; 'Slipping Away,' by Austen Pember; and 'Lord John, or a Search for Gold,' by G. Manville Fenn. (\$1. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.)

MR. HOWELLS'S farces are, we suppose, intended rather for parlor theatricals in which their impracticable scenery will be calmly ignored, than for the regular stage whose resources, however great, could hardly meet their requirements in this way. They include 'The Parlor Car,' 'The Sleeping-Car,' 'The Register' and 'The Elevator' and are published in book form under the title of 'The Sleeping Car and Other Farces.' (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—'MARGERY,' by George Ebers, is a tale of old Nuremberg purporting to be the transcript of a diary of one Margery Schopper, begun for the benefit of her children and grandchildren in the year 1466. This Margery's father is mentioned in Ulman Stromer's Chronicle, and she has much to say of the knights and robbers, minstrels and scholars of the period. Clara Bell has translated her somewhat garrulous narrative, without attempting to imitate the fifteenth century German of the original by the use of English of the same date. (\$1.50. W. S. Gottsberger.)

'FISHIN' JIMMY' was a character of a sort now becoming rare, a survivor of the old breed of hunters and fishers, to whom their avocation was not only a satisfactory means of existence, but furnished a complete education, mental, moral and physical. His peculiarities are related by Annie Trumbull Slosson, and her short account of his quaint doings and sayings is illustrated with a portrait and some other cuts and very neatly printed at the University Press. (60 cts. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.)—'A HOPELESS CASE,' by Luther H. Bickford, is a Hoffmannesque story of a robbery committed under the influence of hypnotism, the hero, a travelling actor, being mesmerized by a strange criminal whom he has saved from drowning. The latter meets his match in the lawyer for the defence when the case is brought to trial, and is compelled to give evidence against himself and in favor of his victim. (30 cts. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.)—'EVERY-THING' turns out in the most unexpected manner at the end of Mrs. Alexander's 'A Crooked Path.' The heroine, who might have made a figure at Court as Lady de Burgh, agreeably disappoints the reader and her friends by settling down instead as Mrs. Errington in St. John's Wood. That the surprise is overwhelming we cannot say, but, in its place, even a milder sensation would be welcome. (\$1. Henry Holt & Co.)

Minor Notices

AN authorized and well made translation of Dr. Alfred Binet's 'The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms,' a study in experimental psychology, comes very acceptably. In a preface written for this edition, the author says his endeavor is to show that psychological phenomena begin among the very lowest classes of beings, and are met with in every form of life from the simplest cellule to the most complicated organism—that they are, in fact, the essential phenomena of life, inherent in all protoplasm. His theory, for such at present we must be permitted to style it, is ingeniously and speciously, if not convincingly, worked out. Dr. Binet's 'vitalism' has a meaning wholly different from that usually attached to the

term. For him it is the aggregate of properties peculiar to living matter, and not a superadded property or force. Dr. Binet's theory of course finds no countenance from Mr. Romanes and others of the same school, who see in irritability the sole intrinsic property of the lowest organisms. Prof. Ch. Richet has vigorously attacked Dr. Binet's views in the *Revue Philosophique*, and the Doctor has as vigorously replied. His contention, supported, as he claims, by proofs resulting from his own observations, may be shortly stated: Every micro-organism has a psychic life, far more intricate and complex than can result from cell-irritability alone, shown by its possessing the faculty of selection (it chooses its food and its pairing mate). The subject is interesting, and further studies will, perhaps, bring better and more satisfying evidence for Dr. Binet's hypothesis than, so far, he has been able to offer. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.)

DR. J. D. BUCK is evidently a thinker, perhaps rather a bold one, and not a bad reasoner, granting his posits. The object of 'A Study of Man' is to show 'that there is a modulus [a constant coefficient in a function of variable quantity] in nature and a divinity in man, and that these two are in essence one, and that therefore God and nature are not at cross-purposes.' Whilst not strictly original in the treatment of his subject, and laboring in ground pretty well worked-over, he thinks he has discovered methods of improved tilling, the crop to be harvested being the 'reconciliation of Science and Religion.' He affirms a perpetual conflict between the animal principle (selfishness, egotism) and the divine principle (altruism), and contends that 'all human endeavor must finally be measured' by the latter, and 'must stand or fall as it uplifts and inspires humanity.' (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.)—'SICKNESS as a Profession,' a practical, sensible and readable tale by Homer H. Moore, is written with a good purpose which the epigraph on the title-page sets forth:

Most of the ailments we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.

How a *malade imaginaire* may become a plague to self and friends, and how health may be wilfully and chronically shifted into sham illness by nursing and petting fanciful notions, with the sure and fitting cure, are pleasantly and truthfully set forth. (\$1.50. Hunt & Eaton.)—SUCH a title as 'Studies in the Out-lying Fields of Psychic Science' permits Mr. Hudson Tuttle to discourse pleasantly about many subjects of present interest—hypnotism, thought-transference, spectral illusions, forewarnings, dreams, and the like. He believes there is a 'psychic ether, related to thought, as the luminiferous ether is to light,' and this theory of a 'thought atmosphere of the universe' explains, he holds, many phenomena which hitherto have been ranked amongst the supernatural. Mr. Tuttle is a confirmed and ardent 'spiritualist.' (\$1.25. M. L. Holbrook & Co.)

C. A. STEPHENS'S 'Living Matter' is a *résumé* of an extended investigation into the causes of "old age" and "organic death," and its laudable purpose is to 'counteract "old age" and death as a resultant from aging.' It is, moreover, only the preface 'to a number of hand-books treating of the re-vitalization of the human organism' to which we are to be treated. Much is said about 'the renovation of the biogen,' of 'vital armor,' 'vital re-enforcement,' 'living to live,' and other 'theorems in vital physics.' One has only to avoid the causes of 'the gradual decline of the biogen in the tissues,' inducing 'the condition known as "old age,"' in order to cheat usurping death—a preventable accident, which should be 'stamped out' along with small-pox and diphtheria. But may not the reader of this introduction and the untold volumes to follow feel the 'weariness' that the 'shrunk, hardened, and sense-thickened tissue of intellect' begets, and makes the 'tired worker' 'world-weary' and causes him to sigh 'I would not live away'? Would not Falstaff's 'pangs of three several deaths' be preferable? (\$1. Norway Lake, Me.: Laboratory Co.)

THE PUBLISHER who, in these days, sets about making a pretty book deserves, more than most men, encouragement and advice. We mean, of course, the publisher who already sees that the illustrations are not all that he has to attend to, in order to secure his aim. Quality of paper, type, above all the proportions of the page and its margins are of even greater importance. It is pleasant to see a book in which these matters have been considered in their relations to one another. In 'The Garden's Story' one might prefer perhaps a fatter type, a paper with some grain to it and illustrations more boldly drawn; but it must, at least, be acknowledged that in the book as it is, the rather slender type, and the delicate pen drawings, and the smooth paper go together, and, being appropriate to the subject and its treatment, produce a really dainty book. Mr. George H. Ellwanger has brought together in it many acute observa-

tions on the garden flowers which are hardy in the lower lake region, and has added a judicious culling from the poets and prose-writers who have written most agreeably about flowers and gardening. He occasionally steps from his beds of pot-herbs to the kitchen and 'fat old baron Brisse' in hand, superintends a dish of *champignons à la Bordelaise* or a *gigot de mouton rôti réchauffé*, and he makes more than one trip afield to note the spring wild flowers, Anemone, Columbine and Dutchman's Breeches, or the Goldenrods and Asters of the autumn. He shows excellent sense in advocating the cultivation of many of our wild blooms; and he is great on the Daffodil and the violet. We hope he is more successful with his Daffodils than with his aphorisms, though; for out of a string of a dozen of these latter, we find but one to quote. It is number three: 'Plant thickly; it is easier and more profitable to raise flowers than weeds.' And now for one word of advice to the publisher: Do not let your head-pieces and tail-pieces seem more important than the text. Those to the several chapters do very well indeed; but those to some of the preceding pages of quotations that serve as mottoes, though in themselves pretty, overpower the type and seem to require a larger page. (\$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.)

'BLUNDERS in Educated Circles Corrected' is the promising title of a little book by T. R. Bowden. But many of the 'errors' will seem such only to a purist; many of the 'correct' phrases offered as substitutes for them are extremely clumsy, and some have been made by the printer as erroneous as the originals. Thus 'neither has he nor any other persons' is no worse than Mr. Bowden's 'neither has he nor have any other person.' Mr. Bowden obviously blunders where he says that the mere substitution of *occurs* or *takes place* for *succeed* in the following sentence will make it right: 'When a string of such sentences succeed one another the effect is disagreeable.' 'Occurs one another' or 'takes place one another' would not be right. When a string of such blunders occurs in a book of this sort, it can hardly be as useful as it might have been made. (75 cts. G. W. Dillingham.)

DR. JAMES MCCOSH'S lectures delivered before the Ohio Wesleyan University on 'The Tests of the Various Kinds of Truth,' collected in book form, form a pocket treatise on applied logic, and will help the young man or woman who desires to get at the 'true truth'—as the French say. The lectures are only five in number, and no words are wasted. The modesty of the author is noticeable in this volume, and some of the young bigots or skeptics of twenty or thereabouts may wonder that one big head like that of the old Scotchman of Princeton can carry so little of cocksure knowledge as he pretends to here. Apart from his teaching as to inductive and deductive truth, etc., if the reading of this book will inculcate modesty among omniscient youths, its publication will do good. (70 cts. Hunt & Eaton.)—AN ATTEMPT at a method of philosophy as a systematic arrangement of knowledge has been made by Dr. Paul Carus, who gives his book the title of 'Fundamental Problems.' The author surveys modern and ancient philosophy, and the questions of the ages. We cannot say that he classifies the subject, though he certainly aims to be fair and judicial. Yet so long as philosophy must talk the uncouth jargon with which this book is overloaded, and so long as a work written for English readers contains so high a percentage of words borrowed from all tongues but the Saxon, the poor old world must grope on in twilight. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.)

Three Phantasies

THE WAVES OF NIGHT

BEHIND yon mountain's rugged crest
Night's soundless waves flow from the West,
'Till borne o'er Sunset's dying strand
A sea of darkness fills the land!

THE WINDS OF SLEEP

Dreams are the little winds that blow
O'er Sleep's unruffled sea,
Making its dull tides ebb and flow
In transient gloom or glee!

THE BIRTH OF A PERFECT SONG

Thought is the soul of a song
And melody is the heart,
And the rhythmic limbs are strong
With the marble strength of art!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

The Lounger

IT WILL BE remembered that not long ago the life-mask and casts from Lincoln's hands, taken by the Chicago sculptor Leonard W. Volk and afterwards engraved for *The Century*, together with bronze reproductions of the same, were presented by a number of subscribers to the National Museum at Washington. It now appears that Mr. F. G. Davis has come into possession of an iron wedge, which, according to affidavits recently made, belonged to Lincoln and bore his initials cut by himself with a cold chisel. Mr. Volk has taken a cast of the wedge, and intends making a bronze copy of it for presentation to the Museum. The wedge is said to have been found under the old brick dwelling-house of the late Mentor Graham, the President's teacher, at New Salem, Ill. Mr. Volk says that he has no doubt the wedge was used by its owner in the construction of his famous flat-boat. Among the affidavits in support of its authenticity is that of John Q. Spears, who says:

I distinctly recollect an occasion when I was in the blacksmith shop of one Joshua Miller of the village of New Salem aforesaid, when Mr. Lincoln came into said blacksmith shop, and after some conversation asked Mr. Miller to cut his (Lincoln's) initials in an Iron Wedge which he (Lincoln) then held in his hand, to which Mr. Miller replied he could not do it, as he was no scholar. Thereupon Mr. Lincoln said to said Mr. Miller, 'Let me have your hammer and cold chisel and I will cut them myself.' Thereupon the aforesaid Miller gave to Mr. Lincoln the cold chisel and hammer, and I stood by and saw Mr. Lincoln with said hammer and cold chisel cut and make the letters 'A. L.' upon said iron wedge.

SOME one who half believes that character may be read in chirography has written out for the *Herald* the amusing result of some of his experiments. He sent fragments of the handwriting of a number of literary men and women to a professional 'graphologist' without giving any clew to the identity of the writers. Judging Amélie Rives solely by her manuscript, the 'expert' says: 'There is hardly any limit to her powers in literature or art, and the only quality which seems lacking to complete success is a certain infirmity of will, which allows her often to become a child of the moment.' This, he quickly adds, 'in no way implies weakness of character.' Of Julian Hawthorne he says: 'He has great powers of diplomacy, and will succeed in attaining his objects by force of tact and subtlety of mind . . . He is very noble in his dealings with others, and shows some economies in regard to expenditure.' Edgar Fawcett's hand shows that he is 'rather selfish, but is not conceited or egotistical'; that of Edgar Saltus 'is the writing of an accomplished and elegant-minded man.' These are fair specimens of the result of the experiment made by the *Herald's* correspondent. Of their value I leave the reader to judge.

THE EARNINGS of literary workers—authors, editors and journalists—afford a subject of endless interest, if not to the newspaper reader, at least to the newspaper contributor. Two or three times a year some article setting forth, with more or less show of authenticity, the sums that Literature is made to yield her votaries, is published in a leading journal or syndicate of journals, and thereafter is quoted, week in, week out, till it has fallen under the eye of every man in the country—except those happy ones temporarily deprived by jury duty of the privilege of reading the daily press. Sometimes the historical method is pursued; and before we learn what Brown, Jones and Robinson are paid for their short tales and serials, we are reminded of Milton's meagre honorarium for 'Paradise Lost,' Sir Walter's princely earnings, and the absorption of Balzac's royalties in printers' bills for inordinate 'authors' changes.'

THE LATEST of these articles recently set afloat in the *Baltimore American*, does not follow the historical method but rather the fatidical; for the writer begins with Edgar Saltus, to whom he generously allows 'not less than \$15,000 annually for his stories.' I have never examined Mr. Saltus's books—his account books, I mean—and do not desire or expect to do so; but if he has made \$1,500 annually for the past five years by story-writing, he is a lucky man. To credit him with ten times that amount is a confession of childish ignorance and credulity. Mr. Howells may be fairly assumed to earn \$15,000 a year by his pen, and the writer puts his income at about that figure. 'Brander Matthews's income is put at \$5,000.' This is vague. If the reference is to his receipts from literary work, it is too large; if to his income from other sources, it is as much too small. The salary of the editor of *The Century* is said to be \$20,000. No doubt the magazine could pay that much if it wanted to, but I don't believe it does. John Habberton will be glad to hear that he makes \$10,000 a year, and Mr. Dana that his salary as editor of the *Sun* is, or was, \$80,000. 'Joe' Howard 'says that a few years ago he made as high as \$60,

000 in twelve months.' To do so he must have written twenty-four hours a day for six days in the week, turning out ten columns daily at twenty dollars a column. If he had kept that up for twenty years, and saved \$50,000 a year, he might now be enjoying in idleness the fruits of his industry; for even a literary man can struggle along on \$30,000 or \$40,000 a year. 'E. P. Roe was making \$50,000 a year when he died, and would have increased that sum if he had lived and continued to grow in popular favor. Here, doubtless, is a gross exaggeration, if it be meant to imply that Mr. Roe 'averaged' anything like \$50,000 per annum during the three or four years preceding his death, or any other three or four consecutive years of his exceptionally prosperous career. But the second part of the statement is undeniable. Every man makes more money if his writings 'continue to grow in popular favor.' It needed no veracious paragrapher to tell us that. Why a penny-a-liner should turn out such stuff as all this, I can readily see; but I am blind to the editor's motive in printing it.

THE guessing as to the authorship of the Arthur Richmond letters that appeared in the pages of *The North American Review* has about touched the lowest depths when they are attributed to the late A. R. Cazauran. And yet I should say the guess was a good one, for Arthur Richmond and A. R. Cazauran were evidently men of the same stripe. The only thing that would make me hesitate about accepting this solution of their authorship is astonishment that Mr. Rice and Mr. Cazauran should ever have come together. Misery makes strange bed-fellows, but journalism would have to make even stranger ones to have effected this combination.

I HAVE no sooner finished reading an account of Mrs. L. B. Walford's garden fête than along comes a description of one given by Mme. Adam, of the *Nouvelle Revue*. On Sunday, June 23, Mme. Adam gave her fête at her country place, the Abbaye de Gif, about an hour by train from Paris. Two hundred guests were invited and all came in costume. A special train took them to Gif, so they travelled in their fancy dresses. Among the guests were M. Magnard, editor of *Figaro*, Albert Delpit, the poet, Pierre Loti, the novelist, Adrien Marie, the artist, Jean Aicard, and a host of other interesting people, besides Dukes and Princes galore. Among the latter Prince Karageorewitch, dressed as a troubadour, leaned against a tree and, to the accompaniment of a flute and harp, sang a serenade composed by Palicot with words written for the occasion by Francois Coppée. In our country it is only the millionaires who amuse themselves with fêtes champêtres and amateur circuses, but in Europe poet and prince don the cap and bells and for the time being forget that life has any more serious end than pleasure.

'PAYING THE PENALTY' and 'Three Times Tried' are the titles under which Messrs. Crowell have lately issued two collections of six tales each. They have already appeared, each story bound separately, in England, where they are published by the 'S. P. C. K.'—the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—whose name is a household word to American readers of Mrs. Ewing's delightful children's books. The object of the 'S. P. C. K.' is to combat the 'penny dreadfuls' with 'penny delightfuls,' as it were. According to a headline in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, the publications of the Society contain 'really good reading, presented with all the attractiveness of trash.' The stories are written to order, the novelist understanding, of course, that a moral tendency is expected in his work. Gaudy bindings are relied upon to catch the eye of the reader accustomed to the flaming covers of the 'penny dreadful,' and a lively tale to keep his mind enchained; and by so much as the reading of the 'penny delightful' occupies leisure moments that otherwise would be employed in the perusal of positively hurtful stuff, its encouragement is felt to be desirable. Of each of the twelve stories referred to in the *Gazette*, from 50,000 to 170,000 copies have been issued during the past three years, the total sale amounting to about 1,340,000. Evidently the work of the 'S. P. C. K.' is appreciated.

BUT IN SPITE of all the efforts of the 'S. P. C. K.,' the sale of 'pernicious literature' is said to be largely increasing in England, and various other remedies are suggested than a mere lowering of the price and consequent spreading of the sale of innocuous fiction. Thus Lord Aberdeen meets the argument that any interference with improper books would be an invasion of the sacred 'liberty of the Press,' with a plea for 'liberty on the part of the community to exercise the power of suppressing by law, especially in the interest of the young, books which are essentially pernicious.' At the same time a correspondent of the *London Literary World* makes a suggestion that might avoid the difficulty, as far as authors of doubtful books are concerned, but is quite impracticable. It is that an offi-

cial be appointed by Government to examine all MSS. for authors and publishers, and be empowered to issue publishing permits guaranteeing the recipient from vexatious proceedings. 'An official!' exclaims the editor. 'Why, it would require a small army of officials; and think of the heartburnings and worries such an institution would involve. Besides, what individual's opinion would be accepted as final?' No; if the solution is to be found at all, it must be sought, as *The Literary World* foresees, 'in the stricter supervision by parents and guardians of the literature that reaches young people's hands, and by a vigorous prosecution of vendors of obviously indecent books.'

IN LAST Sunday's *Times* Mr. W. J. Henderson, who modestly hides behind his initials, has a letter on music in London during the present season which is very different from the usual foreign letter on this subject. I should say, on the face of it, that Mr. Henderson's statements were true. I know him to be a man of musical education and taste, and he so entirely disagrees with the general run of correspondents that there is another reason for putting faith in his criticisms. The reckless manner in which newspaper correspondents shower adjectives of praise upon singers and actors is calculated to, and does, give the general public a false impression of their worth. I am not cynic enough to think that our foreign correspondents are venal. I think that they are simply ignorant and credulous. They have no expert knowledge of music, but the astute parent or manager flatters them into believing that they are critics, and they cable their criticism home with the confidence that goes hand in hand with want of knowledge.

'THE DUCHESS' has eased her soul by addressing to her publishers the following note, which I print with their permission:

June 24, 1889.

DEAR MR. LIPPINCOTT:—I never saw or heard of the trashy story you sent me, called 'Valerie,' until I received it to-day. Surely it is a scandalous thing that people can be allowed to thus use another's name for the purpose of getting themselves into print; and that publishers should be found to encourage them or at all events so careless as to make no inquiries as to whether the supposed author is or is not the person he or she purports to be. I should be greatly obliged if you would contradict this story, and let it be publicly known that I never penned a line of this book 'Valerie.' I have glanced at it, and to me it seems to be unmitigated rubbish. I have written to the publishers, to Chicago. With kind regards, very sincerely yours, M. Hungerford (The Duchess).

A DOWN-TOWN dealer in second-hand books has hit upon an ingenious device for increasing his income. He makes a special bid for what he calls 'walking-subscribers,' and the name is a descriptive one. He sells a book, say for forty cents; the buyer takes it home and reads it, and then returns it and gets twenty cents back. He sells magazines in the same way. He has a good many of these walking subscribers and wishes that he had more, for they are very profitable. There are over a hundred young men, clerks in Wall Street and lower Broadway, who carry on an extensive course of reading in this way. It is the second-hand book-seller, who comes oftenest in contact with men's hobbies, and this particular dealer seems to know a good deal about them. One of his customers is a bank-teller whose taste is for natural history, while another, a bank-messenger, cultivates the field of physical research. Second-hand book-dealers are in the way of picking up secrets, too. They know where the majority of presentation copies go, and they know where a great many men and women who live by their pens find the bulk of their material. 'I have a woman customer,' said one dealer to me, 'who has orders for articles on certain subjects and who buys books of me on those subjects which she simply rewrites and sends out over her own name. I suppose she sees no harm in doing this, because what she gets from the books is much better than anything she could originate.'

THE LATE Edward Fitzgerald, Mr. Aldis Wright, and Mr. Robert Browning are getting public blame in equal parts, Mr. Fitzgerald for writing so flippantly of Mrs. Browning, Mr. Wright for permitting what he wrote to get into print, and Mr. Browning for replying to it in anger. It was a silly paragraph, and I hardly believe that Mr. Fitzgerald meant what he said. It was, I am sure, intended to amuse his correspondent by its extravagance and not to be taken seriously. No man of common decency would thank God that Mrs. Browning was dead, and no man of Mr. Fitzgerald's cleverness would say 'a woman of real genius I know; but what is the upshot of it all?' and expect to be taken in earnest. If it was 'real genius' that Mrs. Browning possessed, that was upshot enough. 'Real genius,' it seems to me, is 'real genius,' whether it be possessed by a poet or a translator of poets.

THE FOLLOWING letter from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Henry Brevoort is one of the autograph treasures referred to last week in THE CRITIC's account of the Aldine Club's new home in Lafayette Place. As it is written on both sides of the sheet—making what the printers call 'backed copy,'—it has been framed between two plates of glass. The address runs: 'Henry Brevoort, Esq., in care of Messrs. Mc Tavish, Fraser & Co., &c., &c., London'; the postmark is 'Melrose, 377—B, 28 Ap. 28, 1813.' The inscription '2|5' doubtless refers to the postal charge—two shillings and five-pence.

MY DEAR SIR:

I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose history of New York. I am sensible that as a stranger to American parties and politics I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece, but I must own that looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think too there are passages which indicate that the author possesses powers of a different kind and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irving takes pen in hand again, for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat, which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness. Believe me Dear sir

Your obliged humble servt.

ABBOTTSFORD, 23 April, 1813

WALTER SCOTT.

The letter is published in Irving's *Life and Letters*, edited by his nephew, Pierre.

Boston Letter

THE COAST of Maine has for many years been a famous summer resort for Boston authors who like to get away not only from the city but from the places near it where they would be likely to meet their fellow townspeople. The desire for a complete change in their surroundings naturally leads them away from the localities where the proverbial Boston culture is apt to be present to such a degree as to prevent them from indulging in unconventional liberties either with grammar, rhetoric, or other stereotyped proprieties.

One of the most attractive places on the Maine coast is Kennebunkport, where Mrs. Margaret Deland, who has been there for several summers, has a cottage this season. The picturesque scenery of this resort, with its grand rocks and noble beaches, has a peculiar charm for the author of 'John Ward, Preacher,' and it is natural to think that the strength and pathos of that remarkable book owe something to the writer's association with the elemental forces of nature amid such surroundings. There is something in the beating of the waves on the rocks which suggests the resistance that some natures offer to the breaking seas of doubt, while the ripple which runs up the sandy beach, finding no obstacle to its progress but the limitations of its own strength, is a type of the power which the tide of opinion has over a plastic mind.

Another Boston author who enjoys summering at Kennebunkport, and whose absence in Europe this season makes a break in many years' successive sojourns amid its picturesque scenery, is J. T. Trowbridge who is in deep sympathy with the spirit of the place. Indeed, he has made a careful study of the quaint characters whose lives have been moulded by its influence, as well as yielded himself up to the fascinations of nature amid its storms and sunshine. I recall Trowbridge's poem 'The Old Lobsterman,' which appeared in *The Atlantic* a number of years ago, as an interesting study of a quaint character at Kennebunkport whose life was touched by a romance that gave to it an attraction for the poet beyond that exercised by the daintiest summer visitor to the place. The picture of the old man's lonely life amid the wild scenes of this rugged seacoast is full of pathos, and I hardly know of a more vivid view of the contrasts afforded by the place than is given in this striking poem.

Little, Brown & Co. will publish in the autumn 'Florida Days,' by Margaret Deland, which suggests by its title her charming volume 'The Old Garden, and Other Verses.' This is a delightful book, full of the sentiment and color of the sunny land which it describes with a picturesqueness in keeping with its enchanting scenery and romantic associations. There is nothing of the guide-book in the volume; in fact, no direct mention is made in it of the places which are familiar to tourists in this region, but the art with which they are depicted makes them more vivid to the reader than if they were labelled in the conventional descriptive manner. The book is a series of essays wherein what is most characteristic in the country and its inhabitants is brought out in a sympathetic spirit, and the author's keen eye for the poetic aspects of the subject is seen in the way in which it is colored by her delicate fancy.

The pencil has worthily supplemented the pen in 'Florida Days,' Louis K. Harlow, an artist of fine powers, having devoted especial care to bringing the scenes limned by the author before the eyes of her readers. Mr. Harlow showed in his 'Home of Shakspeare,' one of the most attractive of Prang's publications, his skill in depicting the scenes associated with the life of the great dramatist, and he has exhibited in the present volume a capacity to interpret scenes of a widely different character. As his sketches were made on the spot they have a naturalness to which his sympathetic observation gives a poetic charm. The four colored plates in the volume glow with the light of Florida, and besides these there are two etchings, six full-page plates, and more than fifty admirable illustrations in the text from sketches in St. Augustine and other places. The beautifully decorated cover of the book appropriately displays the palmetto leaf.

Another attractive book to be brought out by Little, Brown & Co. in the autumn is 'Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland,' by Jeremiah Curtin, a scholar who has a remarkable power of assimilating foreign languages. His book is not like most works on the subject, a mere compilation, but is a translation of stories told him in the original Gaelic, and preserves their delightful flavor without the brogue. It is an important contribution to the study of Folk-Lore, as well as a charming picture of the fresh bright fancies of an imaginative people, unhampered by the prosaic influences of an artificial civilization. The book has a tastefully etched frontispiece.

The new volumes in the choice library edition of Alexandre Dumas to be published in the autumn by Little, Brown & Co., include the Valois Romances in six volumes, comprising 'Marguerite de Valois,' 'La Dame de Mousoreau' and 'The Forty-Five.' These volumes contain six historical portraits (Charles IX., Henry III., Henry of Navarre, Catherine de Medicis, Marguerite de Valois, and the Duc de Guise). 'The Count of Monte Cristo' will be issued in four volumes, with eight photogravure plates from original designs made especially for this edition by Edward H. Garrett. There will be an *édition de luxe* of 'The Valois Romances' and 'The Count of Monte Cristo' limited to 150 copies, with plates on India paper. As these fascinating romances appear for the first time in English handsomely printed and unabridged, they will have an additional attraction for the reading public.

A book of rare interest which Little, Brown & Co. will bring out in the autumn is Walton and Cotton's 'Complete Angler,' and it will have an especial attraction from an introduction written for it by James Russell Lowell, whose sympathetic appreciation of this classic pastoral gives a fine flavor to his work. The text used is that of the favorite Major edition, which was taken from Walton's fifth edition, the last issued during his life-time. Care has been taken to avoid the excessive use of notes which marks the Pickering and many other editions; only essential ones are introduced, and these are placed at the end of the work.

The illustrations of the book add greatly to its attractiveness. They include 74 beautiful wood-engravings in the text, representing fish, and persons and places mentioned in it; and 17 plates embracing portraits of Walton and Cotton; 'Landing the Trout,' 'The Scholar's Recital,' and 'Landing the Grayling,' by Absolon; 6 sketches by Inskipp of trout, salmon, grayling, perch, pike and the fly fisher; 4 etchings by Harlow, 'The Thames at Hampton,' 'Wave on the Lea,' 'Waltham Abbey' and 'The River Dove'; and 2 etched vignettes by the same artist, 'On the Thames' and 'The Thames at Henley.' The mechanical excellence of the work, which is in two volumes, is in keeping with its rare literary and artistic character. There will be five hundred numbered copies with plates on India paper at \$10, and one hundred and fifty numbered copies on Japan paper at \$15.

A new historical work by Paul Barron Watson, author of 'Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,' will be published by Little, Brown & Co. in the autumn. It will be entitled 'The Swedish Revolution under Gustavus Vasa,' and will be in one volume.

Mr. T. Russell Sullivan, who has been visiting Venice lately, was to have left to-day for a cooler if less watery resort.

BOSTON, July 22, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

Current Criticism

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF PROF. NORTON.—The meeting at St. Martin's with Norton and his family was a very happy one. Eminently sensible and amiable, all of them; with the farther elasticity and acuteness of the American intellect, and no taint of American ways. Charles himself, a man of the highest natural gifts, in their kind; observant and critical rather than imaginative, but with an all-pervading sympathy and sensibility, absolutely free from envy, ambition, or covetousness; a scholar from his cradle, not only now a *man* of the world, but a *gentleman* of the world,

whom the highest born and best bred of every nation, from the red Indian to the white Austrian, would recognize in a moment, as of their caste. . . . Since that day at Sallenches it has become a matter of the most curious speculation to me what sort of soul Charles Norton would have become if he had had the blessing to be born an English Tory, or a Scotch Jacobite, or a French gentilhomme, or a Savoyard count. . . . What a grand, happy, consistent creature he would have been, while now he is as hopelessly out of gear and place, over in the States there, as a runaway star dropped into Purgatory; and twenty times more a slave than the blackest nigger he ever set his white scholars to fight the South for; because all the faculties a black has may be fully developed by a good master (see Miss Edgeworth's story of the grateful Negro), while only about the thirtieth or fortieth part of Charles Norton's effective contents and capacity are beneficially spent in the dilution of the hot lava and fructification of the hot ashes of American character, which are overwhelming, borne now on volcanic air—the life of Scotland, England, France, and Italy.—*John Ruskin, in 'Præterita.'*

MRS. BURNETT'S 'PHYLLIS.'—The Phyllis whose adventures Mrs. Hodgson Burnett relates in her new play of that name is a commonplace English girl of modern days, and has little beyond her femininity in common with the Phyllises of history or of fiction. In 'The Faïre Maide of the Exchange,' one of two plays by Thomas Heywood the heroines of which are named Phyllis, the dramatist, in a speech which Payne Collier in his reprint executed for the Shakspeare Society gave as prose, deals with some bearers of the name:—'Her name, porter, requires much poeticality in the subscription and no lesse judgment in the understanding; her name is Phyllis,—

Not Phyllis that same dainty lasse
That was beloved of Amintas;
Nor Phyllis she that doated on
The comely youth Demophoon;
But this is Phyllis, that most strange
Phyllis, the flower of the Exchange.'

To none of these Phyllises—not to her who was the poet's 'only joy,' and not even to the neat-handed maiden who at this season was wont 'With Thestylis to bind the sheaves,' is Mrs. Burnett's Phyllis allied. She is, indeed, an unconscious adventuress. Brought up by a well-bred scamp of a father whom she adores, she has acted unconsciously as a decoy. Her innocence and her purity constitute 'no armor against fate,' and the man she loves, and by whom she is loved, turns her adrift when he learns of her past. In the end she is reconciled to him and all is well. We have here the materials of a narrative in Mrs. Burnett's pleasant way, or for a crisp domestic play in three acts. For the four acts over which the story is spread it is insignificant. If Mrs. Burnett dreams of further employment of her play, she must resort to vigorous compression. Both motive and treatment require alteration; and more than one of her characters is superfluous.—*The Athenæum.*

A BARBARIC POLICY.—The first quality in which a work of art differs from a luxury is its permanence; the second is its productiveness. It not only gives pleasure to thousands and for ages, but it gives much more than pleasure—it gives education. The history of art is the history of civilization. Art, in one form or another, is the great beautifier and ennobler of life, and a nation without art—without poetry or painting, architecture or sculpture or music—is a nation of barbarians, though it possess the steam-engine and electricity. But let us leave to one side the question of general culture, of the advance of civilization, of the education of our artists, and let us ask the supporters of the tariff if they know how many millions of dollars the artistic knowledge and taste of its artisans may be worth annually to France. Has it ever occurred to them that in hundreds of industries the market of the world is open not to him who makes cheapest, but to him who makes most beautifully? Has it ever occurred to them that every opportunity of artistic cultivation given him increases by so many dollars' worth the productiveness of the workman's labor? Bring everything down to the mere brutal test of money's worth, and art is productive. The question should not be, 'Shall we not tax the rich man's pictures while we tax the poor man's tools?' but rather, 'Whether or not we tax the poor man's tools, shall we tax his education?' No, art is not a luxury; it is civilization; and the tariff on works of art, like the tariff on books, is worthy only of a race of savages.—*The Evening Post.*

JOHN MORLEY AND LORD SALISBURY AS TALKERS.—Mr. Morley's agreeableness in conversation is of a different kind. His leading characteristic is a certain dignified austerity of demeanour which repels familiarity, and tends to keep conversation on at

high level; but each time one meets him there is less formality and less restraint, and the grave courtesy, which never fails, is soon touched with friendliness and frank goodhumor in a singularly attractive fashion. He talks not much, but remarkably well. His sentences are deliberate, clear-cut, often eloquent. His quotations are apt and original. His fine taste and varied culture enable him to hold his own in many fields where the mere professional politician is apt to be terribly astray. He never obtrudes his own opinions; never introduces debateable matter; never lays down the law. But he is always ready to take up the gauntlet—especially if a Tory throws it down; and may be backed to meet rude dogmatism or ill-informed assertion with a quick fervor and robustness of tone before which the aggressor will beat a hasty retreat. His kindness to social and literary beginners is one of Mr. Morley's most engaging traits. Lord Salisbury goes so little into general society that his qualities as a talker are not familiarly known. Yet no one can listen, even casually, to his conversation without appreciating the fine manner, full both of dignity and courtesy, the perfect freedom from pomposity, formality, and self-assertion, and the dash of cynicism which modifies, though it never masks, the flavor of his fun. The combination of so much amiability, frankness, and politeness in the intercourse of society with the inartistic insolence and unmannerly personalities which mark Lord Salisbury's public utterances, suggests the leading idea of a novel of Mr. Louis Stevenson's, to which it is a point of literary honor not more directly to allude.—*The New Review*.

OUR COLLEGES AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—When I think of the development of the American system of education from its humble beginning; when I think of that long line of educated and patriotic men who laid the foundation of this great Republic on the solid basis of truth, justice and freedom; when I think of their limited means, of their want of libraries and of learned societies to stimulate and enforce their love of letters; when I think of those patriots who fanned the fires of the American Revolution; when I think of the immortal Washington, whose early education was gained in carrying a surveyor's chain and compass through the forests of Virginia, taking command of the army of the American colonies at Cambridge; when I think of Franklin,—I would say: All honor to the founders of our colleges and public schools! They have built better than they planned. Could they return to earth and witness the growth of this great Nation in intelligence and in the arts of peace; could they take a train of cars and traverse the continent from ocean to ocean, and see the large cities and smiling villages on every side, where once the red man and the beasts of prey only roamed, where the church-bell never broke the silence of the long ages of those primeval forests, where the curling smoke of the village school was never seen; could they look upon our commerce; our vast wheat-fields of the West; upon our agricultural and mechanical appliances, the electric motor and steam engine, our telephone and telegraph systems which encircle earth and ocean and bring nations into close and familiar relationship with each other; could they see the 60,000,000 inhabitants of the Republic, the 8,000,000 of children in our elementary schools, the 250,000 boys and girls in our secondary schools, and the 60,000 college students and the 300,000 teachers—well might they wonder and thank God it was their privilege to begin this great work.—*Prof. Charles E. West, as quoted in the Tribune*.

Notes

DR. W. J. ROLFE sails for Europe to-day (Saturday) and will remain abroad till October. His 'Select Poems of Wordsworth' will be brought out at once by the Harpers, and will be the fiftieth volume of the English Classics edited by Dr. Rolfe and bearing the Harper imprint. It will also be the handsomest of the series, being profusely illustrated from drawings of the scenery of 'Wordsworthshire' (as Lowell has happily called the Lake District) by Abbey, Parsons, and others. Twenty of the cuts are full-page. The book contains seventy-one of the minor poems of Wordsworth, with nearly a hundred pages of notes, including all the 'various readings'—these being in some respects more fully and more accurately presented than in Knight's monumental edition, in which, as in Matthew Arnold's 'Selections,' Dr. Rolfe has detected some curious slips. A concise description of the Lake District, with a good map, is appended, making the book an attractive *vade mecum* for the tourist in that region.

—Mr. Harry Harland ('Sydney Luska'), the New York novelist, sailed for England on Wednesday on the City of Rome. He is accompanied by his wife, and takes with him a photographic camera, and will probably be gone a year. One of the incidents of his sojourn abroad will be a tramp through Wales.

—Macmillan & Co. expect to publish early in August an edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, annotated and accented, with an introduction descriptive of English life in Chaucer's time by John Saunders, and with illustrations reproduced from the Ellesmere MSS. At about the same time they expect to issue Marion Crawford's new novel, 'Sant' Ilario,' which is a sequel to his 'Sarracinesca.'

—Mrs. John Sherwood, author of 'A Transplanted Rose,' and 'Manners and Social Usages,' has been decorated with the insignia of Officier d'Académie—an honor conferred by the French Minister of Public Instruction on persons who have distinguished themselves in literary pursuits. It is said to be the first time the decoration has been conferred upon an American woman.

—Mr. George P. Lathrop will try to prove in the August *Scribner's*, that in the near future it will be as much of a distinction to be poor as it now is to be enormously rich.

—Col. Higginson, in *Men and Women in Harper's Bazar* published Aug. 3, will discuss the reference to Mrs. Browning in the 'Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald,' and the sonnet which it called forth from Mr. Browning.

—Prof. James Bryce, Member of Parliament for the South Division of Aberdeen, and author of 'The American Commonwealth' and 'The Holy Roman Empire' was married on Tuesday to Miss Ashton, of Manchester, daughter of ex-sheriff Ashton of Lancashire. The engagement was announced in these columns on June 8. Miss Bryce's mother was a Bostonian.

—Dr. Nansen has arranged with Longmans, Green & Co. for the publication, both in New York and London, of an account of his recent Greenland expedition. The book will be ready early next spring, and will be illustrated with maps and plates.

—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell contributes to the August *Century* an article on 'The Poison of Serpents,' richly illustrated by J. Carter Beard. Prof. David P. Todd of Amherst in the same number narrates 'How Man's Messenger Outran the Moon,' describing a feat in telegraphy which was accomplished at the time of the eclipse of the moon which took place on January 1.

—The *Press* is printing a brief serial by Frederick Mitchell Munroe, entitled 'A Fatal Friendship.'

—G. P. Putnam's Sons announce among their autumn publications 'The Industrial Progress of the Nation,' by Edward Atkinson; 'A Race with the Sun: A Sixteen Months' Trip Around the World,' by the Hon. Carter H. Harrison of Chicago; 'The Modern Chess Instructor,' by W. Steinitz; 'The Story of the Hansa Towns,' by Helen Zimmern; in the Knickerbocker Nuggets, Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies,' the 'Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin,' Heinrich Zschöcke's tales, and 'Great Words from Great Americans' (the Declaration of Independence, Constitution of the United States, Washington's and Lincoln's Inaugural Addresses, and the Gettysburg Address); also, 'Christian Theism: Its claims and Sanctions,' by D. B. Purinton, Vice-President of West Virginia University; 'To the Lions,' by Alfred Church; 'A Woman's War Record: 1861-1865,' by Mrs. Chas. H. T. Collis; 'Lectures on Russian Literature,' by Ivan Panin; 'The Practical Pocket Dictionary' (English, French, German, and Italian), and 'Tales from the Korea,' collected and translated by Henry N. Allen, Secretary of the Korean Legation.

—Sampson Low & Co. contemplate a group of monographs on the Prime Ministers of the reign of Queen Victoria—Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury. Among the contributors who have promised to assist are: Mr. Froude, Dr. Henry Duncley (Verax), the Marquis of Lorne, and Mr. G. W. E. Russell. The editorship has been placed in the hands of Mr. Stuart J. Reid, author of 'The Life and Times of Sydney Smith.'

—D. C. Heath & Co. announce for early issue 'Selections from Wordsworth,' edited by A. J. George, arranged in chronological order and accompanied by notes, topographical and critical, rather than linguistic.

—The next number of *Harper's Weekly* will contain an exhaustive article on 'Electric Lighting in New York,' by Schuyler S. Wheeler, Electrical Expert of the Board of Electrical Control. The paper is accompanied by twenty-eight illustrations. R. D. Blackmore's 'Kit and Kitty,' which begins in this week's *Harper's Bazar*, will run for several months. The same number contains timely portraits of the Princess Louise and her *fiancé*, the Earl of Fife.

—Five volumes of the young Duc de Morny's memoirs of his father will probably appear in November. The book is said to be a valuable study of the inner mechanism of the Second Empire.

—'M. H. R.' of Chicago writes:—'Having read the article by Marian Lee in your issue of July 13, I will venture to throw a little light on her puzzle. I think Leigh Hunt did kiss a Jenny, but it was not Mrs. Carlyle. If my memory is correct, in a 'Life of Thomas Hood' it was stated that at a time when Hood was very needy, Leigh Hunt collected some money for him. When this money was delivered, Jenny Hood, overcome with gratitude, hurried to Leigh Hunt and gave him a kiss. I have not a copy of the book to which I refer, but I think Marian Lee may obtain one, and find the incident therein. I have for years supposed that the charming little poem referred to Mrs. Hood.'

—Prof. H. H. Boyesen delivered at Chautauqua on Monday last an interesting lecture on the French novel. Balzac was described as the father of the modern realistic school, and Daudet as the child who most honors him.

—Mr. William Blaikie, to whom Messrs. Ginn & Co. attributed the errors into which they fell of late, in a biographical introduction to an 'expurgated' reprint of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' transfers to the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, wherein his article appeared some twenty years ago, all responsibility for the mistakes in question. Some one, Mr. Blaikie never knew who, changed the name of Mr. J. W. Chitty to Thomas Hughes, after the article left the writer's hands.

—*Santa Claus*, 'a first-class weekly journal for young folks,' often spoken of in these columns during the past year or so, is finally to make its appearance in October. Its headquarters will be in Philadelphia; but it will be issued as well in New York, Boston, Toronto and London. There is to be an Active Board of seven members and an Advisory Board of twelve; and the stockholders are said to be, to a large extent, 'newsdealers, teachers, authors and others who represent every State in the Union.' The list of contributors includes many familiar names. 'Wreckers of Sable Island,' by J. MacDonald Oxley, will be the opening serial.

—Max Müller's 'Natural Religion,' being his Gifford lectures delivered at Glasgow last year, will be issued here immediately by Longmans, Green & Co.

—During the year ending on the 30th of April, 7,315 new volumes were added to the Mercantile Library and 3273 old ones or duplicates sold or given away, making the total number on hand 223,544. Of Mrs. Ward's 'Robert Elsmere' 140 copies were bought; of Mrs. Deland's 'John Ward,' 62; of Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' 35; of Motley's 'Correspondence,' 26; and of Max O'Rell's 'Jonathan and his Continent,' 36. During the year 158,683 volumes were put in circulation. To give a notion of the promptness with which the Librarian meets a possible demand for a new book, the following figures will suffice. On April 13, four publishing houses in New York and one in Boston each advertised a new book. The books were by five different authors. An order was given for 115 copies of them. They were received, catalogued, stamped, made ready for circulation, and before the Library closed on the day they were published, all but two of them were in the hands of subscribers.

—The Old South Lectures for the summer of 1889 will begin next Wednesday afternoon. This year being the centennial of the beginning both of our own Federal Government and of the French Revolution, they will be devoted entirely to subjects in which the history of America is related with that of France, as follows: July 31, 'Champlain, the Founder of Quebec,' Charles C. Coffin; Aug. 7, 'La Salle and the French in the Great West,' Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis; Aug. 14, 'The Jesuit Missionaries in America,' Prof. James K. Hosmer; Aug. 21, 'Wolfe and Montcalm: the Struggle of England and France for the Continent,' John Fiske; Aug. 28, 'Franklin in France,' George M. Towle; Sept. 4, 'The Friendship of Washington and Lafayette,' Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson; Sept. 11, 'Thomas Jefferson and the Louisiana Purchase,' Robert Morss Lovett; Sept. 18, 'The Year 1789,' Dr. E. E. Hale. The lectures are free to children.

—Mr. H. F. Mackensie Bell will contribute to *The Magazine of Poetry*, an essay on Theodore Watts, with copious selections from his poems.

—Prof. Alexander Johnston, who held the Chair of Political Economy at Princeton College, died at his home last Saturday. He had been in poor health for many months, but recently was thought to be improving. His death at the early age of forty is a severe blow to Princeton, as well as to a wide circle of friends. Prof. Johnston's pen was a busy as well as an acute and cultivated one, and his contributions to 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' 'Lalor's Political Cyclopædia' and (anonymously) to *The Century*, were marked by evidences of unusual mental vigor and independence. A book that showed the same qualities in the same degree was his History of Connecticut. Mr. Johnston's last public, or

rather semi-public, appearance in this city was made in the spring, at the last monthly dinner for the season of the Fellowcraft Club. He spoke on that occasion ably but not without effort.

—Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyan, wrote to Prof. C. E. Norton in 1876:

What Mr. Lowell says of Dante recalled what Tennyson said to me thirty-five or forty years ago. We were stopping before a shop in Regent Street where were two Figures of Dante and Goethe. I (I suppose) said, 'What is there in old Dante's Face that is missing in Goethe's?' And Tennyson (whose Profile then had certainly a remarkable likeness to Dante's) said: 'The Divine.' Then Milton; I don't think I've read him these forty years; the whole Scheme of the Poem, and certain Parts of it, looming as grand as anything in my Memory; but I never could read ten lines together without stumbling at some Pedantry that tipped me at once out of Paradise, or even Hell, into the Schoolroom, worse than either. Tennyson again used to say that the two grandest of all Similes were those of the Ships hanging in the Air, and 'the Gunpowder one,' which he used slowly and grimly to enact, in the Days that are no more. He certainly then thought Milton the sublimest of all the Gang; his Diction modelled on Virgil, or perhaps Dante's. Spenser I never could get on with, and (spite of Mr. Lowell's good word) shall still content myself with such delightful Quotations from him as one lights upon here and there: the last from Mr. Lowell. . . . I never can forgive the Lakers all who first despised, and then patronized 'Walter Scott,' as they loftily called him: and He, dear noble Fellow, thought they were quite justified. Well, your Emerson has done him far more Justice than his own Countryman Carlyle, who won't allow him to be a Hero in any way, but sets up such a cantankerous narrow-minded Bigot as John Knox in his stead.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1473.—The following lines are supposed to belong to one of the songs of our late War. Can you direct me to the poem containing them?

For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance—
Let us battle for the right.

NICASIO, MARIN CO., CAL.

A. W. M.

ANSWERS

1472.—1. The quotation is from Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall'—the first one—and reads thus:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be,

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

W. J. R.

1472.—2. It is from F. W. Faber's well-known hymn, the first stanza of which is as follows:

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

It can be found in the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church, where the stanza quoted by 'M. E. D.' is the third.

NEW YORK.

E. W. F.

['J. R. B.' of Sharon, Conn., answers that the hymn may be found in Dr. C. S. Robinson's 'Selection of Spiritual Songs,' New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 'W. H. B.' of New York and 'R. A. D.' of Plainfield, N. J., also send replies.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Argyll, Duke of. What is Truth? 25c. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Chesterfield's Letters to his Son. Selected by Charles Sayle. London: Walter Scott.
Collar, William C. Practical Latin Composition. \$1.10. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Fane, Violet. The Story of Helen Davenant. 75c. D. Appleton & Co.
Garrett, J. M. Elene; Judith; Athelstan; and Byrthnoth. Tr. from the Anglo-Saxon. \$1. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Grumbine, J. C. F. An Old Religion. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Hargreaves, John G. Literary Workers, or Pilgrims to the Temple of Honor. \$2.50. Longmans, Green & Co.
History of Education in North Carolina; South Carolina; Georgia; Florida; and Wisconsin. Five pamphlets. Washington: Bureau of Education.
Index to Periodicals for 1888. Bangor, Me.: W. M. Griswold.
Julian, George W. Late Speeches on Political Questions. Indianapolis: Carlon & Hollenbeck.
Kempis, Thomas. The Imitation of Christ. \$3.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Londor, Walter Savage. Poems. Sel. and Ed. by Ernest Radford. London: Walter Scott.
McDonnell, S. D. American Episcopacy. 15c. Thomas Whittaker.
Ohnet, Georges. Antoinette. Tr. by R. Bramwell and 'Al'. 25c. St. Louis: The Waverly Co.
Rockwood, Caroline W. A Masque of Honor. 50c. Funk & Wagnalls.
Tissot, Victor. Unknown Switzerland. Tr. by Mrs. Wilson. \$2. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.